# Fanciful Princess in My Fancy

She appeared before me
Clad with a **bell-bottom**
So smooth and transparent
Knitted in a silky linnen
And was **topless**

She walked in a
Beautiful gait
So attractive to
Beckon to lechers

Her eyes were
So calm and
Drowsy
With a slim body
Of a western
Origin

Pimples with
Scars
Pleading to
Rub and rub

“You have smooth lips”
“Some say so”
I replied

She came to me
Unbuttoned my
Furr coat.

Touching my
Chest
With her smooth
Fingers

She lulled me
With a passionate
Murmur

Driving me
Into
Malancholy

“I have to go”
I uttered.

“So you are”
She faintly
Murmured.

She buttened
My furr coat
Becked me
to depart

Leaving an
Erotic feeling
of her,
In my heart

**Dayananda Paranamana**
**Wellatota**